

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office: 916 E. Main Street.
 Washington Bureau: 1247 M. Street, N. W.
 Manchester Bureau: 1102 Hull Street.
 Petersburg Bureau: 40 N. Sycamore St.
 Lynchburg Bureau: 215 Eighth St.

BY MAIL. One Six Three One
 POSTAGE PAID. Year. Mo. Mo. Mo.
 Daily with Sunday: \$16.00 \$3.00 \$1.50
 Daily without Sunday: 400 2.00 1.00
 Sunday edition only: 2.00 1.00 50
 Weekly (Wednesday): 1.00 .50 .25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond and suburbs, Manchester and Petersburg.

One Week. One Year.
 Daily with Sunday: 14 cents \$4.50
 Daily without Sunday: 10 cents 4.50
 Sunday only: 5 cents 2.50
 (Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.

When calling between 6 A. M. and 9 A. M., call to central office direct for 4041, composing room; 4042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1907.

Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

You can keep full informed about Richmond affairs only through The Times-Dispatch.

Before leaving mail or phone your address to this office. Phone 4041, City Circulation Department.

Be girded and strong to-day for thy ministry to others.—John Huskin.

A SOUND PLATFORM.

The Democrats of Washington county in convention assembled to nominate a legislative ticket, adopted a first-rate platform. In brief, it commits the party to the time-honored principles and policies of Democracy; it denounces the tendency to concentrate in the hands of the Federal government powers not contemplated in the formation of the government, and views with solicitude the constant aggression upon the reserved powers of the States; it opposes "unlawful combinations commonly known as trusts, by which competition in trade is destroyed; it favors the honest and most rigid system of accounting for the public funds in every department of the government, from the highest to the lowest; it insists upon a system that will hold all public officials to a personal responsibility for their acts, and demands prompt and vigorous prosecution of any corrupt or dishonest officer, whoever he may be. It condemns "the malignant tendency of the Republican party to deprecate the integrity of the judicial officers of this State; it declares for temperance, but favors "the distinctly democratic principle of local self-government, including that of local option, in the sale of ardent spirits—a principle which is now in practical force and operation, enacted by a Democratic General Assembly, and as the direct result of which the sale of whiskey has been prohibited in nearly every county and city in Southwest Virginia." It further declares for "a law allowing any community, city or town to prohibit the importation of liquor into their territory." It commends the State administration and favors the "highest and best system of public free schools that the enlightenment and experience of educated and trained men can devise."

This platform was drawn by Hon. Daniel F. Trigg, and is a model of Democratic virility, tempered with wise discretion. It is Virginian to the middle, up and down and all the way through, and is delightfully free from the taint of Western Populism. We congratulate the Democrats of Washington and commend their platform to other counties in the State.

BILLY SUNDAY'S PREACHING.

It is said that Mr. Billy Sunday, the "baseball evangelist," in the twelve years of his ministry has converted over one hundred thousand men and women to a public acknowledgment of their belief in Jesus Christ as the only means of salvation.

Billy preaches according to the tricks he learned on the "diamond"—he catches the sinner between bases and runs him down. He doesn't plead with the unregenerate hearer. He goes at him hammer and tongs, and gives 'em the very devil.

"The devil," says he, "isn't anybody's fool. Lots of men will tell you that there isn't any devil. That he is just a figure of speech, a poetic personification of the sin in our natures." People who say that, especially the preaching, time-serving hypocritical ministers who say that—are liars. Liars! Liars! They are calling the Holy Bible a lie. I'll believe the Bible before I believe Old Mother Eddy and a lot of time-serving, tea-drinking, so-called, smirking ministers. No, you take God's Word for it; there is a devil.

"Oh! but the devil is a smooth guy. He was in the lifetime of the Saviour, and he is now. He is right on his job all the time. Just as he appeared to Christ in the wilderness he is right in this tabernacle now, running around up this aisle and down that, trying to make you sinners indifferent to Christ's sacrifice for your salvation."

Nor does he mince matters about damnation. In closing a sermon at Fairfield, Iowa, he said:

"To-night, when the last song is sung, the last prayer said, and we have all passed out into the night, and Fred has switched off the lights, and the place is dark—your chance, sinner, will be gone. If your heart is not soft before then, it is hardly likely that it will ever be so nearly won again. You say in your heart, 'To-morrow.' But

to-morrow at daylight the doctor's buggy may be standing at your gate, the family may be standing around with handkerchiefs at their eyes. The doctor will turn to them and say, 'He is gone.' The undertaker will come and do his work. The friends will gather and listen to such kind words as may decently be spoken of you, and then, as Mr. Moody once said of a man who died in spite of his prayers, they will take you, a Christless corpse in a Christless coffin, and lay you in a Christless grave. My God, my friends, if the Lord would only draw back the veil which is between you and your coffin, you would leap back in horror to find it so near that you could reach out and touch it. But you say, 'To-morrow!'

It has always been a puzzle to us why an evangelist like Sunday, or Sam Jones, or Dr. Dummie—It is a long list—should be able to stir up and bring to repentance thousands of sinners whom the constant preaching of regular ministers of the gospel has never touched. But such is the fact, and many are misled by it. Judging by appearances, they conclude that a sensational evangelist is a more effective means of grace than an orthodox minister. And this is the worst feature of evangelistic meetings. They tend to disparage and demoralize the orderly work of the organized church. But if men and women who enthrone over evangelists will make a fair computation, they will ascertain that where a hundred converts are made by evangelists, thousands and tens of thousands in the aggregate are made by the regular ministry. The world must be saved, if at all, by the steady, systematic, persistent work of the church organization, and not by evangelistic spasms.

The evangelist has his place and his work, but he is at best but an agent, and must never be countenanced as a substitute for the ordained minister.

SPEEN.

After this, when you see a fresh spleen lying around, don't fall to pick it up, put salt on its tail and send it by fast messenger to the cook.

Dr. Edward T. Williams, of Boston, Mass., emerges from the unlighted background as the justifier of the above remark, and the vindicator of a once contemned segment of animal anatomy. Dr. Williams, who has been investigating the interiors of creation, insists that spleens are all right. They make the red blood corpuscles. They contain more phosphorus than any other organ except the brain. They hold three-fourths of a grain of iron and one and one-half grains of phosphorus, which makes them "the richest possible food." "I ate my first spleen five years ago," says the doctor stoutly; and he is hale and hearty at sixty or so, still able to get about and peer into neglected corners of biology, still able to sit at table and deal pleasantly with a dish of well-broiled spleens.

The spleen is a non-glandular, highly vascular organ, situated in the left hypochondriac region, of an oblong flattened form, dark liver-red in color, etc. Interested readers may find the rest of it in the reference books. From the standpoint of sentiment, literature and poetry, the spleen is noteworthy as the alleged seat of certain emotions. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher in the "Maid's Tragedy":

"I thought that spleens would break; and they laughed us all Out of the room."

And the great bard says:

"A hare-brained Hotespur governed by a spleen."

And again of Venus:

"A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways."

But it is not as the fanciful home of passions that we of to-day are concerned with this odd organ. We view it with new interest as the revealed diet of man, novel provender, the potential rival of beefsteak. Dr. Williams' little discovery, he opines, will annul 50,000,000 pounds of meat annually to our food supply and will save the country \$5,000,000 a year. Nor is this a matter of the remote future; for already the enterprising doctor is negotiating with a sausage-maker to put this pleasing and appetizing article on the market in sausage form, to the early gastronomic gratification of a hitherto spleenless universe.

NEW YORK'S BOND SALE.

If the city of New York had offered forty million of four and a half per cent. bonds a few years ago, and had received bids ranging from 100.67 to 103, there would have been a disagreeable sensation in financial circles. As it is, there is rejoicing that the bond sale is a "success." In one sense it is. There is an active demand for money in trade and industry, and when men in business can profitably employ all their own capital, and can afford to pay seven and eight per cent. for borrowed capital, it is not to be expected that four and a half per cent. bonds will command a large premium. But the fact that New York's bond issue was oversubscribed shows that there is money in the old land yet, and that it can be enticed.

The cash which the city receives for her bonds will be turned loose at once, and will flow back into circulation. Wall Street seemed to be disappointed at the bids, but at heart Wall Street is very much relieved and gratified that the bonds were sold at all.

HORSES BETTER THAN AUTOMOBILES.

Reports from the State Commissioner of Motor Vehicles in New Jersey give the interesting information that over 32,000 machines have been registered in that State. The commissioner thinks, however, that only 18,000 are in actual use, because the machines wear out in a few years, and the owners either get a new one or get disgusted. An interesting line of thought is developed from this on the passing fancy which the very rich have shown for the automobile. Already the horse and carriage are coming back into favor with the ultra-fanciables, and while the automobile is not to be surpassed where speed and great power are essential, there

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 1200.

Tell Me Not Now.

By WILLIAM WATSON.

Tell me not now, if love for love
 Thou canst return.
 Now while around us and above
 Day's flambeau burns.
 Not in clear noon, with speech as clear,
 Thy heart avow,
 For every gossip wind to hear;
 Tell me not now!

Tell me not now the tidings sweet,
 The news divine;
 A little longer at thy feet
 Leave me to pine.
 I would not have the gadding bird
 Hear from his bough;
 Nay, though I furnish for a word,
 Tell me not now!

But when deep trances of delight
 All nature seal,
 When round the world the arms of Night
 Carousing steal,
 When rose to dreaming rose says, "Dear,
 Dearest,"—and when
 Heaven sighs her secret in earth's ear,
 Ah, tell me then!

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1902. One is published each day.

Is no diminution in the demand or the price of high-class horses. Virginia does not produce automobiles, but it is gratifying to recall that the quality of the Virginia horses was never higher in appreciation or price, and never more in demand than at present.

Justice Blodgett, of Rhode Island, is a clever rhymester and an able jurist. During a recent visit to Virginia he scribbled off for the amusement of a party of friends the following "illegitimate":

"There was a young man so benighted
 He never knew when he was slighted,
 He went to a party,
 And ate just as hearty
 As though he'd been really invited."

An Arkansas minister recently slew a fellow-parson in a dispute over a young pig. What he would have done to him for an adult hog can only be dimly guessed.

Now that Mr. Hearst, too, is called "conservative," it seems up to the lexicographers to discover a new name to mean what "conservative" used to mean.

However, the Texas preacher who declares that the Houston people are the most profane in the world probably would not deny that they have a right to be.

An Arab, according to a floating paragraph, drinks nine or ten cups of coffee a day, which is probably among the reasons why he remains an Arab.

Conceivably, many an enterprising business head is now busy figuring how soon he can hope to get into the malefactor-of-great-wealth class.

"What is whiskey?" inquires a contemporary. Whiskey is an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in time of thirst.

It is barely possible, however, that the four American sailors who were recently "mobbed" at Hakodate, Japan, rather deserved to be.

Texas has soaked the harvest trust for \$25,000, thereby impressing upon skeptical neighbors that she is really doing a fine business.

Then, too, it is pleasant to sit in the hotel and "dash" the pole than to sit on the fo'c'sle of an airship and dash at it.

It costs \$140,000,000 a year to run New York City, but the young millionaires from Pittsburgh feel that it is worth it.

If, as the Shreveport Times alleges, the peackaboo is doomed, what are the bathing-suit chances for a long life?

The civil and succulent Old Virginia onion is winning many new friends in these golden September days.

As we understand Mr. Roosevelt, he wouldn't even run to catch a train of thought.

You call them affiliates if you have a wife living.

The Henrico Election.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
 Sir,—I thank you for the congratulations of every citizen who is interested in good government and public funds. As one of the least of these, I tender mine for your stand in the Henrico treasurer's election.

Yours truly,
 W. J. Williams.

BACKLASH BIFFS AT TIMES-DISPATCH.

THE Atlanta Georgian, the discoverer of the theory that paragraphs never go to bed, thought it might be profitable to know what has become of the nature fad of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.—Houston Post.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch boasts of its "August," just as though it came but once a year in that town.—Charleston News and Courier.

A Kansas town council recently presented the local brass band a gift of \$150. The Richmond Times-Dispatch thinks it probably was a hush money, but our idea is that the council merely wanted the band to blow itself for a good time.—Schenectady Star.

With neat sarcasm the Richmond Times-Dispatch remarks: "If the Charlotte Observer says that the Southern States are in rebellion, we have no objection to putting on a fresh coat of war paint.—Knoxville Tribune.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The Royal Berlin opera has engaged Francis MacLennan, the American tenor, for five years, allowing him the unusual privilege of singing his parts in English until he can speak better German.

Rev. Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, of Baltimore, has completed a tour of the United States, covering about 11,000 miles. At one time or another he has visited almost every country on the globe. He left Baltimore on June 25th.

Prof. J. J. Stevenson, of New York University, and Prof. W. C. Davis, of Harvard University, are among the Americans who will attend the celebration of the centennial of the foundation of the Geological Society, London, which will take place at the end of next month.

Prof. Albert M. Lythgoe, Egyptologist, has returned to New York from Europe, after an absence of one year, most of which was spent making excavations at the Lish Pyramids, about thirty miles from Cairo. The work has been conducted through the Egyptian exploration fund of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The castle of Chapultepec, the official summer residence of the president of Mexico, is to be either rebuilt or abandoned entirely, and a more modern home is to be erected for the use of the chief executive.

It is a prospect that has been hanging over the city for some time. The castle is one of the most noted and historic in Mexico.

Rhymes for To-Day

DOLLY.
 DOLLY June'd at Ocean Beach:
 She is very young and silly,
 But she looks, and is, a peach—
 So she got engaged to Billy.

She Julietted at Summer Lake,
 Where young men come down and tarry;
 Dolly's ways are ways that take—
 So she pledged a troth to Harry.

She went on to Camp Hoorary,
 There to August in the grottoes:
 And, as they canoodled one day,
 She annexed a ring of Otto's.

She's Septembering on Mt. Blue
 Till the city season's ready,
 Where, if all reports be true,
 She is near-betrothed to Freddy.

Well, she'll Oct. here several days,
 So I'm not disturbed unduly:
 Let her toy with fancies—
 She will marry just yours truly,
 H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Ancient Indeed.
 Gunner: "I thought roof gardens were something new. This paper says they had them in ancient Egypt. According to that, they are old."

Guy: "Not half as old as the jokes you hear on them, old man."—Chicago News.

Different.
 "He took me to the opera."
 "Wasn't that grand?"
 "No, comic."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Be Nod.
 Nervous Lady Passenger (to deck hand): "Have you ever seen any worse weather than this Master Sailor?"

Deck Hand: "Take a word from an old salt, now; the weather's never very bad while there's any females on deck making inquiries about it."—London Tit-Bits.

Another Eastern Peril.
 Mrs. Dashaway: "Yes, while we were in Egypt we visited the pyramids. They were literally covered with hieroglyphics."
 Mrs. Newrich: "Ugh! Wasn't you afraid some of 'em would get on you?"—Philadelphia Record.

A Helpless Diner.
 A Denver man had a friend from a Kansas ranch in the city on a business deal, and as noon they went to a downtown restaurant and had luncheon together. The Kansas ranchman, who was a Western trapper, when he was near the end he discovered he had no fork. "Say," he said to the Denver man, "that waiter didn't give me a fork."

"Well, you don't need one," replied the Denver man, seriously.
 The Kansas ranchman came from Kansas. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"—Argonaut.

The Trapper's Deduction.
 The professor had complained that the world in general still looks on science in a slighting way, and that reminded one of his countrymen, a trapper, who was sitting on a stump, noting a place where roots had been dug up, examined the spot carefully. Then, as he rose and brushed the earth from his knees, he said, with calm conviction:

"This was done either by a wild hog or by a botanist."—Washington Star.

An Old Acquaintance.
 "Hello, Rummel, I hear your watch has been stolen."

"Yes, but the thief has already been arrested. Only fancy, the stupid fellow took it to the pawnshop! There it was at once recognized as mine, and the thief was locked up."—Fleischende Blaetter.

BACKLASH BIFFS AT TIMES-DISPATCH.

THE Atlanta Georgian, the discoverer of the theory that paragraphs never go to bed, thought it might be profitable to know what has become of the nature fad of the Richmond Times-Dispatch.—Houston Post.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch boasts of its "August," just as though it came but once a year in that town.—Charleston News and Courier.

A Kansas town council recently presented the local brass band a gift of \$150. The Richmond Times-Dispatch thinks it probably was a hush money, but our idea is that the council merely wanted the band to blow itself for a good time.—Schenectady Star.

With neat sarcasm the Richmond Times-Dispatch remarks: "If the Charlotte Observer says that the Southern States are in rebellion, we have no objection to putting on a fresh coat of war paint.—Knoxville Tribune.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

The Royal Berlin opera has engaged Francis MacLennan, the American tenor, for five years, allowing him the unusual privilege of singing his parts in English until he can speak better German.

Rev. Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, of Baltimore, has completed a tour of the United States, covering about 11,000 miles. At one time or another he has visited almost every country on the globe. He left Baltimore on June 25th.

Prof. J. J. Stevenson, of New York University, and Prof. W. C. Davis, of Harvard University, are among the Americans who will attend the celebration of the centennial of the foundation of the Geological Society, London, which will take place at the end of next month.

Prof. Albert M. Lythgoe, Egyptologist, has returned to New York from Europe, after an absence of one year, most of which was spent making excavations at the Lish Pyramids, about thirty miles from Cairo. The work has been conducted through the Egyptian exploration fund of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The castle of Chapultepec, the official summer residence of the president of Mexico, is to be either rebuilt or abandoned entirely, and a more modern home is to be erected for the use of the chief executive.

It is a prospect that has been hanging over the city for some time. The castle is one of the most noted and historic in Mexico.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

RICHMOND people are interested in a pretty surprise wedding which was celebrated yesterday at Ocean View, Va., when Miss Sarah Jane Reynolds, the Rev. Gerald Culbertson officiating.

The bride is a popular young lady of Church Hill and Mr. Reynolds is a graduate of the Masonic Home of Virginia. He is at present mines on a clerical position in the general Chesapeake and Ohio railway offices, this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will make their home with the parents of the bride.

The Stay-at-Home Club.

The Stay-at-Home Whist Club met in the home of Mrs. W. P. Brock Monday evening. Winners in the game were Mrs. S. W. Travers and Mrs. Brock. The next meeting of the club will be with Miss Claire Guillaume, No. 7 East Grace Street.

Romantic Wedding.

Mr. John E. McIlhenny, former member of the Louisiana State Senate, and a Rough Rider who made the dash up San Juan Hill beside Colonel Civil Service Commission and a facer Roosevelt, present member of the Civil Service Commission, and a favorite in the household of President and Mrs. Roosevelt in Washington, is to be married in December to Miss Stauffer, of New Orleans, a granddaughter of General Duff Taylor, of the Confederate Army, and a great-granddaughter of President Zachary Taylor.

The announcement has been made of a flutter in the smart set of Washington, where the handsome young Southerner has been very popular. He is heir to a great fortune made by his predecessor in the same name, and his family owns also large tracts of land in the Louisiana coast. Miss Stauffer is nearly related to the Dandridge and other prominent Virginia families.

To Governor Deneen.

Executive Commissioner and Mrs. J. A. Humphrey have issued invitations in behalf of the Illinois commission at the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition to a reception to be tendered Governor Charles S. Deneen, of Illinois, at the Illinois State Building, Jamestown Exposition grounds on Saturday evening from 9 to 11 o'clock. The reception is a part of the program of exercises in connection with the celebration of Illinois Day at the exposition.

Jacob-Briggs.

Mr. J. D. Briggs announces the marriage of his daughter, Lillie Belle, to Mr. Jacob Jacob, formerly of this city, but now connected with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Cincinnati. The ceremony, which took place on Monday, was performed in the home of the bride by the Rev. G. H. Spooner, and was witnessed by only the immediate family. Mr. and Mrs. Jacob will reside in Cincinnati.

Chapter Meeting.

Richmond Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will hold their first autumn meeting this morning at 11:30 o'clock in Lee Camp Hall.

What Auxiliary Thinks.

Lee Camp Auxiliary is opposed to a uniform, female choir, and to the idea of such choir members holding rank, or indicating the same by insignia on their uniform.

The president of Lee Camp Auxiliary, who attended the Confederate Veterans' meeting at Lee Camp Hall on Friday last, to express the views of the auxiliary, was much surprised at the report circulated yesterday.

The auxiliary is not opposed to the choir or the singing of Confederate songs. It indorses such an idea heartily.

But it will always be unalterably opposed to the proposition to have the choir don the Confederate gray and assume official rank.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. William E. Franck has returned to her home after a most delightful visit of three weeks to Mrs. Henry B. Pearson, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Charles J. Thelmer, of Charlottesville.

Mr. Rufus B. Merchant has returned from a brief visit to his mother and sisters at Fredericksburg.

Mrs. I. N. Vaughan has returned from the Warm Springs and is occupying her apartments at the Chesterfield.

Miss Cally Ryland will leave on Thursday to visit friends in Albemarle county.

Miss Henningsham Lyons Ellett left on yesterday for New York to spend the winter with her father, Hon. Tazewell Ellett, who is located there.

Miss Margaret Hunter, of Mayfield, Ky., is the guest of Mrs. R. T. Hunter, 215 East Franklin Street.

Miss Lella E. Gilliam has returned after a delightful visit to Miss Carrie Moseley in Lynchburg.

Miss Julia Osterloh is visiting Mrs. John Kerr Branch at her summer home in Dutchess county, New York.

Mrs. Robert W. Watkins and Miss Katherine C. Watkins are spending the winter of 1907-8 at the Mecklenburg, Chase City, Va.

Miss Mamie Kelley is the guest of relatives in Newport News.

Mrs. Mollie Gentry is visiting the family of Dr. T. O. Jones in Harrisonburg.

Mrs. A. A. Smith and Miss Bessie Smith, who have been spending the summer at the Brunswick Inn, Waynesboro, will return to Richmond next week and will leave for the winter at 215 East Franklin Street.

Judge and Mrs. Beverly T. Crump have moved to their new home on Shafer Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Duff Green, of Fredericksburg, are spending some time in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Archer W. Patterson have returned from a pleasant trip to New England.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller, Jr., and son, Mr. Jacob F. Miller, Mr. Jacob Miller, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Heineman, of Baltimore, are the guests of Mrs. Augusta Bode, in Fredericksburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Antrim have taken the Crump house, on West Grace Street.

Miss Helen Leyland, of Newport News, spent last winter in Richmond, and will leave this week to enter the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Cards have been issued for the marriage of Miss Helen Waring Latane, of Tappahannock, to Mr. Robert Lewis, of Woodville, Miss., the wedding to take place at St. John's Episcopal Church, Tappahannock, to-day, at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Annie Baylor Ezell, of Norfolk and Mr. James Albert Rozell, of Tappahannock, will be married on Monday, September 16th, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Norfolk, at 8:30 P. M.

A Quick Trip.

The new steamer Queen Anne leaves one hour later (8 A. M.) than any other line and arrives at the exposition three hours earlier. Reduced fares, \$125 straight, \$250 round (10-day limit). Phone, 510. See Ad.

The Powers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson
 Copyright 1907 by the Authors

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lisa Drummond, an untoward American, practically declares her love to Raoul, only to learn that he has been in love with her half-sister, Diana Forrest. Without being seen Lisa overhears a conversation in which the Foreign Secretary of the British government, a Duke, is to be carried to Paris to carry an important package to Mademoiselle Maxine de Lorraine, noted French actress, who is a British political spy. As Diana once had a flirtation with Maxine it was supposed that the true object of his visit to Paris was to carry the package to her. Lisa, however, is determined to receive the package for Maxine and learning that her fiancé is the Duke, she decides to go to Paris. Lisa escapes unseen, but manages before going to sleep to extract from Diana the admission that Diana had proposed that night.